The World

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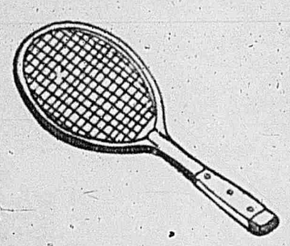
THE GILLETTE CASE.

The Gillette trial is nearing its close. The evidence of the prosecution has been presented. Chester Gillette has told his story, and soon the verdict of the jury will make known the action of the law.

The general interest in this case arises not from any mystery or complications, but from its simplicity. The story is almost primitive. It is a tale of elemental passions such as would hardly come to light among people of wealth and education. Such a culmination would be exceptional in New York City.

Chester Gillette himself would be called the village beau, or the village masher, according to the point of view. Grace Brown was a farmer's daughter, who tried to escape the monotony of her home life by working in the village factory. She had more money to spend and she dressed better than her sisters. She grew aloof from her father and mother, whose advice she did not seek and in whom she did not confide.



In the village life she ranked socially below the girls who did not work in the factory, and whom Chester Gillette escorted to picnics, dances and from church. His attentions to her flattered her. His promises to her fell upon credulous ears. She yielded.

When the time came for these promises to be fulfilled she still trusted. Delays did not at first shake her faith. Then she became insistent that Gillette should marry her. Had her social position been higher, had Gillette seen any way to advantage himself by keeping his promise, it is very likely that he would have done so.

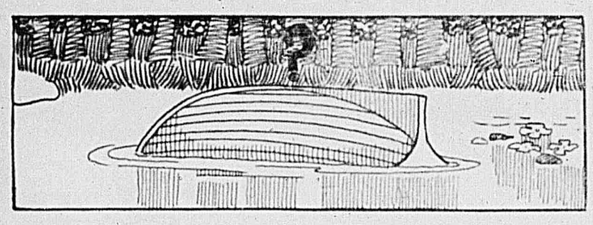
Morally, mentally and physically Gillette was a coward. The masher type of man always is. The man voluble of promises almost always is. The qualities which enabled Gillette to fascinate Grace Brown could not have existed in a man of truth, fidelity and honor.

Grace Brown could not believe that Gillette was trying to abandon her. Possibly he never told her frankly that his promises would not be kept, but instead postponed and evaded until her hope grew desperate, and she poured out her soul in those pathetic letters of self-confession to him and to her girl friend.

She was not a bad girl. Neither was she a vindictive girl. The qualities which enable a woman to be successful at vice were absent. Her childhood had been too simple and her surroundings too plain and elemental for her to conjure up mental excuses for her fall, and to imagine alternatives to Gillette's falsehoods.

As to what happened afterward, the exact truth may never be told. She left home to cling to Gillette. He exerted to his utmost his limited powers of thought to devise some way to get rid of her. He took her from hotel to hotel, and then tiring of her still more, urged her to go home to her family, confess and take the consequences. He would go away somewhere till the storm blew over.

What happened that day on Big Moose Lake Gillette has evidently not told in full. That he planned to murder her, using his tennis racquet as a weapon, is hardly credible. No premeditated murder was ever committed with a tennis racquet. That he had decided to rid himself of her one way or other is fairly certain, but he was too much of a coward to plan in detail a premeditated murder.



Very possibly he took her out in the boat on that last trip with no present purpose of murder in his heart. He rowed from place to place. He urged her again and again to go home. Possibly for the first time he brutally told her she must shift for herself.

What she replied may be imagined. Her reproaches would be natural. Epithets would flow easily from her lips. The revulsion of feeling on the part of both of them might have led him to strike her in anger, using the tennis racquet as the handiest weapon. The scuffle may have upset the boat, or she in her fall may have gone overboard.

Maybe his first feeling was of remorse, and he dived in after her. Then it may have occurred to him that a disgraceful problem was disposed of, and he turned and swam ashore.

Morally, Gillette is guilty of having murdered Grace Brown. Legally, what exact grade of the different kinds of murder or manslaughter he may have committed, the jury will determine.

Letters from the People.

Woman's Ideas on Shaving.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The daily expense, time and annoyance of shaving is something men are so used to that they forget to kick about it. (It is the one thing they do forget to kick about.) But when one stops to consider that nearly every well-groomed man wastes about half an hour, 15 cents and much pain or discomfort every day just for the sake of cutting off the hair that nature intended for man to have on his face, it all seems so silly, so unnecessary, so wasteful. It is not a question of cleanliness, but a mere whim, a concession to vanity. Yet men say we women are vain! MRS. R.

Estimated at 4,014,304.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

What is the population of Greater New York?

He Is Eligible.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Is a man eligible for President if he is born in this country of parents born in Europe? ANXIOUS.

The Mexican Dollar Problem.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

"Pliny" says that when Mexico was quoting United States dollars at 90 cents and the United States was quoting Mexican dollars at 90 cents a man might have purchased a 10-cent article in the United States and, receiving a Mexican dollar in change, go with it to Mexico, purchase a 10-cent article there and receiving a United States dollar in change, return to the United States and continue the operation. "Pliny" inquires, "Who pays for the articles thus received gratuitously by the purchaser?" If "Pliny" could get a dollar's worth anywhere else for a Mexican dollar, so could the American storekeeper, who gave him the Mexican dollar. Obviously under these circumstances the storekeeper has deprived himself of a possible 10 cents. Of course, if the storekeeper had himself received the Mexican dollar in exchange for 90 cents' worth, the storekeeper lost nothing.

S. A.

Were We Once Animals?

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I read in an interview in your paper of an actress who asserts that she knows she was a horse in some former incarnation. What an interesting subject for discussion this reincarnation theory opens up! It is a fact that there is not a person living on this earth that does not resemble some animal in a greater or lesser degree. Some a horse, a cow, sheep, dog, cat, lion, etc. I myself fancy I have a vague recollection of having had a previous existence, and I know a young man who says he can distinctly remember a former incarnation. Perhaps readers will discuss this interesting subject. R. R.,

Tenafly, N. J.

"See Who's Here!"

By J. Campbell Cory.

Inquisitiveness Is the Enemy of Love.

By Helen Oldfield.

THERE are many instances in the conduct of life, most of all in love, when confidence and not confidences must be the rule, the root of the whole matter. Analysis rarely is healthy, however much information one may gain thereby.

Still, absolute as should be the trust and confidence between those who intend to marry each other, there may be points upon which honor demands silence rather than confession. The average man probably will know many things about their mutual acquaintances which he prefers not to tell his sweetheart, scarcely his wife; while neither he nor she has the right to betray the secrets of a third person to the other.

Even between husband and wife, still more between lovers, there ought to be due reserve. It has been well said that a fruitful source of trouble between married people is that they are prone to forget that they were gentleman and lady before they were man and wife, and fail to treat each other with the courtesy demanded by the prior relation. One of the fundamental principles of thoroughbred people is that curiosity openly shown—still more, outspoken—always is impolite, often actually impertinent.

Every human being has, or is entitled to, the right to a certain degree of privacy in person and of spirit. It is not only that "a stranger doth not intermeddle," but that one's nearest and dearest must in love and kindness respect such privacy, as holy and inalienable. There are times when every one, man or woman, feels the desire to retire within oneself and pull down the blinds; and when such times come true love, which puts itself in the place of the beloved, will understand that what the soul needs and craves is to be tenderly and judiciously let alone.

It is unwise to be too inquisitive as to private affairs. When a person takes to inquiring closely into a matter, the natural inference is that he or she is not satisfied with the information already possessed. Suppose, for example, that a woman has told her lover that a certain man once proposed to her and was rejected. That would be enough to satisfy the right sort of man. But the inquisitive, suspicious man would not stop at that. He would proceed to a catechism. "Did you encourage him? If you never cared for him, why did you let him propose? Why did you refuse him?" and so on, indefinitely. The woman who can meet this sort of thing with a laugh and frank good humor is all right; but there are many who would be irritated by the distrust shown in the curiosity and either would give short and evasive answers or refuse to reply at all. This would strengthen his impression that there was something to conceal. He would tactlessly pursue the subject, or revive it at an inopportune moment, and the result would be an inevitable breach.

If a man or a woman is afflicted with an inquisitive disposition it is far better to meet the questions with a frank avowal than to endeavor to defeat the inquisitive spirit by pretending ignorance or by vaguely worded answers. The information will surely be sought elsewhere and gained in a more or less garbled form. If either man or woman has a right to ask questions, candor and honesty demand that they should be fully and frankly answered.

It is well, however, that the lover should not inquire too closely as to how he stands with his sweetheart's family. She will be glad to tell him, unasked, if they admire him, so that if she is noncommunicative he will be kinder not to press the subject. It is only when there is the danger of harm done by misplaced confidence that it is necessary to tell one person that any other does not like him.—Chicago Tribune.

Mr. and Mrs. Cantfooler.

By E. F. Flinn

Love Affairs of Great Men

by Nixola Greeley-Smith.

V.—Byron and Mary Chaworth.

I saw him stand
Before an altar—with a gentle bride;
Her face was fair, but was not that which made
The starlight of his boyhood. —*The Dream.*

THE name of George Gordon, Lord Byron, conceded by all but college lecturers on literature to be the greatest lyric poet of the English language, was during his brief and stormy lifetime associated with so many women that were it not for his own delineation of his first love, Mary Anne Chaworth, in his beautiful poem "The Dream" it would be difficult to discriminate among them.

The first love of the heart, like the first wine from the bottle, is usually fit only to be poured out, that rarer and purer may succeed it.

But in Byron's case his first youthful infatuation for a young woman two years his senior seems to have been the abiding passion of his life. At any rate, he preferred to have us think so.

Newstead Abbey, the ancestral home of the Byrons, adjoined the Chaworth estate. There was a feud of long standing between the two families.

When the future poet, whose face, as Sir Walter Scott afterward said, was "a thing to dream of," but whose gait was marred by an incurable lameness, was fifteen years old, he returned to Newstead Abbey from Harrow, where he had been at school, to spend the holidays. It was then he renewed a childhood's acquaintance with the beautiful Miss Chaworth and fell desperately in love with her.

Fell in Love at Fifteen.

Although but fifteen, he thought seriously of marrying the young woman, and seems to have entertained some hope of her regard till one day he heard her say contemptuously to her maid, "Do you think I could ever care for that lame boy?" At the words he rushed from the house and, mad with grief and humiliation, ran all the way to Newstead.

A year later she was betrothed to a Mr. John Musters, who agreed to make the family name of Chaworth his own. The news was told Byron by his mother, who said: "I have some news for you. Take out your handkerchief. You will require it."

The youthful lover took the announcement stoically. Shortly afterward he met Miss Chaworth on the hill of Annalie. Referring to her determination to keep her own name he said, "I suppose the next time I see you, you will be Mrs. Chaworth!"

"I hope so," replied the heartless Mary, and the hope was realized.

Byron went to Cambridge. In March, 1807, his first volume of poems, "Hours of Idleness," was printed and fiercely attacked by Lord Brougham in the Edinburgh Review. The venom of the attack stung Byron to the metrical satire, "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," which upon its publication gave rise to his well-known speech, "I awoke one morning and found myself famous."

The Hero of London Society.

At once he was the hero of London society. Women were mad about him. Lady Jersey and Lady Caroline Lamb, whose husband, Lord Melbourne, afterward became Prime Minister, disputed his favor. His romance with the latter flighty, irresponsible and ultimately crazy lady formed the subject of Mrs. Humphry Ward's "The Marriage of William Ashe." In 1815 he married Miss Milbanke, daughter of Sir Ralph Milbanke, "the paragon of only daughters." The marriage, which was purely one of convenience, was very unhappy from the first. Lady Byron was a precise, matter-of-fact, unemotional woman, with all the exasperating virtues of her type. Byron was a genius. Within a year a daughter, Augusta Ada, was born. Five weeks after the child's birth Lady Byron left her husband to pay a visit to her own family. She never returned to him.

Byron claimed that he never knew his wife's reasons for the separation. He became the object of universal condemnation in London and left it, never to return. During his stay in Italy he had many love affairs, the most notable and lasting being with the Countess Guiccioli. He died in 1824 while taking part in an effort to liberate Greece from the rule of the Turks. His final views on love were expressed in the last poem he wrote, the stanzas on his thirty-sixth year:

My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker and the grief
Are mine alone.

New York Thro' Funny Glasses.

By Irvin S. Cobb.

Observations On the Pickle Industry.

THE Broadway souse is a thing to be listed among our own peculiar institutions, along with the hat which Hammerstein wears and the aeolian which grow on Comstock's face. It has long been a delight and marvel to those who love to study the effect of the alcoholic gherkin upon the human form divine.

Broadly speaking, the Broadway souse may be subdivided under two headings—the kind-that-dozes-off-standing-up and the kind-that-desires-to-destroy-policemen, the latter variety being often crossed with the kind-that-fain-would-wreck-a-cab-or-a-waiter-ary-one or-both.

The first-class is interesting, but not exciting. Seeing him, good old Dr. Morpheus would be sorry he hadn't chosen a different trade and learned how to make alarm clocks.

The drowsy half of the souse sketch starts upon a tour of the many and varied pickling works along our main street with the best intentions in the world. He has a mental chromo of himself leaning across a bar in a graceful Otis Skinner attitude at 2 o'clock the following morning, passing out a line of persiflage that will keep the barkeep busy dodging the intellectual in-shoots and conversational spitballs. He thinks he is going to produce an exquisite hand-embroidered trifle with button-hole edges and pursementerie all down the front.

But along about the third high-ball the current gets crossed and the motor burns out with a muffled report and thereafter he is to be listed among the trailers. Half an hour before the theatres let out Mr. Dead Ca is discovered leaning against a lamppost and suffering from the sleepin sickness. He is taken in hand by one of those kindly disposed person who are called good samaritans in the New Testament and goats at the present day. This benefactor folds him away in a cab and tells the drive to take him to the Home for Soused Somnambulists. So endeth the fir lesson.

We now approach the violent person who sees red after swallowing th fatal torpedo and feels that the blue of a cop's uniform mars the col scheme. In his normal state he's probably as kind and gentle as a cha lotte russe. But along toward the time when the free lunch counter is r duced to a jar of pretzels and a bunch of forks in a jar of greasy wate he decides that the moment has arrived for reorganizing the police for from the outside.

Which is, indeed, a serious undertaking, because there are upward a million policemen in this town just as soon as you hit one of them.

Yet our hero goes out and hits one. Bang, bang! Ding, dong! Ga lop-galloppy! See, here is the little hurry-back wagon!

He hits one. There comes to him a feeling as if the rat statue Robert Burns in the Park had tipped over on him. Before his dazzled ey there flashes flittingly a splattered yellow corruscation like a spontaneo combustion in a setting of eggs. Then the scene seems to switch fro brightly lighted evening to darkest moonlight, and not a star showing.

He hits one, beloved. And when he gets to the police station he just about the most docile, the most easily-led little, wpolly, Teddy bea you could imagine.

THE FUNNY PART.

Sober, we all fear a cop; soaked, at least half of us want to slay o with the bare hands.

Timely Advice for Holidays.

By Walter A. Sinclair.

THANKSGIVING cheer is over, as we learn from turkey hash,
And now it's up to us to gather in a little cash,
To stand the shock that's coming in the very fewest days
(Of course this is intended for the poor old "pop" who pays).
So try to save your money, for, you bet, it will not last,
For Christmas time is coming—and it's coming mighty fast.

The Christmas magazines long since have used up all the joys
Connected with the Christmas cheer, with Santa Claus and toys.
'Tis rather late to hand out any Christmas verse, we know,
When all the Christmas poems have been sprung a month or so.
But we will dare advise you: scrape together all your "mun,"
For Christmas time is coming—and it's coming on the run.

The joys of the Producer, with the pedals icy cold,
Around the festal season can't be well enough extolled.
His reaching for his wallet now will never get a rest,
And all that he can hope for is a gaudy tie at best.
Oh, cashier of the family, hold tight to all thou hast,
For Christmas time is coming—oh! it's coming awful fast.